

The Unquiet Grave by Vickydreadful

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Summary:

"Cold blows the wind to my true love
and gently blows the rain."

Title from the Irish song called The Unquiet Grave

The Unquiet Grave

It was not the sea or the land above his feets, or the rum or the beautiful voice of the maiden, it was not the drink in his hands or the dirty woods in his ship, it was nothing at all.

Maybe the sea.

The sea that eventually would take form in two fierce eyes and its waves would transform themselves in a pointy tongue.

It was it.

The sand was his hair, and in the bottom of his soul, Calipso herself was resting.

He was the storm that often would drag Steve again to the sea, even him had promised himself that he wouldn't go after another prize.

Love.

Only that.

Love for the sea.

Or the man that personified the sea.

Willian "Billy Bones" Hargrove.

In stormy nights Steve would look outside the tavern in Isla de La Muerta and wait for the black flag in a crowd of black flags, he would wait for Her. Maxine. The only ship that could sail in Isla waters without problems. He would look at the rain falling and remember the kiss. The last one. The hand in his hair, the sweet lips on his chin. Strong arms around him, keeping him, moving forward and backward like the sea and its waves.

He would remember the music downstairs, the beer in his tong and the dirty scent that comes from Billy.

He would dream awake. Imagining Billy knocking on his door,

entering his room and taking Steve in his arms, kissing him roughly and full of lust and passion. He would let Billy kiss his entire body, he would had clean himself, he would let Billy fill his holes with his fingers, his tongue, his cock, whatever was available at the moment.

He knows that after a long sail, his lover was dirtier as his mother grave. But he would lick his wounds, his skin, his greasy hair, his tattoos, he would stick a finger in his arsehole. Knowing that it was raw, knowing that they had short time. He would take him on his front, on his knees, against the balcony and the window glass, pushing his sand-blond hair, feeling the salt of the sea in his sweat.

Crude.

Stormy.

Tempestuous.

Like the sea.

He dreams differently when it's not raining. He dreams of going in to Maxine, greeting the crew, throwing himself in Billy's arms in front of every single man and woman, he would dine with them, tell the news about Isla, the gossip of the brothel, he would drink rum till his knees gave up, and then Billy would take him to his cabin and sing a song till he sleeps. Nothing raw. Only love.

Cold blows the wind

To my true love

And gently blows the rain

And then there is the dream when Steve is actually in deep sleep. The true dream, the dream that really comes true every two months of the year.

The dream where Billy would only hug him, hiding his scarred face in Steve's neck, the dream where he would look in his eyes and smile, like Steve was the sun of his cloudy day. They would slowly undress themselves, and then they would hug in a tiny bed in the brothel, legs tangled and the thunderous silence of their beating hearts. Steve would cling at Billy like it was the last time he would see him, he

would kiss him fervorously and try to hold his breath as much as he could, just to not let his scent go in the wind.

They would fuck in the sand down the hidden beach. Full of spit, come and shit. They would kiss in the sunrise, promising each other the world. Billy saying that he would come back in a month, Steve saying that he would think about Billy's proposition to be his quartermaster.

Billy never comes back in a month and Steve never really thinks about going back to the ocean.

The only ocean he wants, is that light blue eyes that would often close while their love-making. The only storm he wants is the hardness filling him all the way in, rocking forward and backward like the waves.

I've never had but one true love

And in a cold grave he was laid

I would do as much for my true love

As any young girl may

I'll sit and mourn all on his grave,

For twelve months and a day.

Billy never comes back the same. There is always something different about him, the hair, the small jewelry on his ear, the gold on his back, another scar, another tattoo, it was always a surprise for Steve.

But he was back. And it was all that Steve could ask.

Because in the end, you can't tame the sea, and if you can't go against it, you need to drown.

And when twelve months and a day was passed,

The ghost did rise and speak,

'why sittest thou all on my grave

And will not let me sleep?'

Then Billy did not come back.

Another crew was shipping Maxine. The black flag half-mast and the kegs full of rum stained with blood, fresh blood.

Steve traded the rum for gold, and cried in his sleep. Nancy, his old friend and old quartermaster, tried to comfort him. But he knew that the blood was real, he knew that Maxine's old crew, and his Captain, were dead, deep in the sea.

He would miss him.

And the pain in his chest would be his fire in the battle. He killed the men with poisoned rum, the same rum they stole from Billy. He took the black flag and tore it apart in front of the whole Isla. And when he stepped in the captain cabin and found Billy's coat hanging with his sword, he knew what he needed to do.

'tis I my love, sits on your grave

and will not let you sleep'

'for I crave one kiss from your clay cold lips

and this is all I seek'

The seven oceans knows this story.

The story about a man that sold his soul to the devil in exchange to live forever with his loved one.

The story about Steve Harrington, and how he killed a hundred men with a wide vixen poison. The story tells that he was so deep in mourn that the devil himself took pity on him, and gave him one last chance to love.

The story tells that if you look from your window in a stormy day, you will see a boat in the sea, a single man dancing with the waves

that crash in to his ship.

'my body is as cold as the clay and

my breath is earthly strong'

'and if you kiss this clay-cold lips

your days they won't be long'

A single pirate, damned to live his eternity seeking his loved one in the deep ocean, forever longing for him and making love to the sea.

Billy neves comes back the same. There is always something different about him, the hair, the small jewelry on his ear, the gold on his back, another scar, another tattoo.

He was now the sea, the Calipso in the bottom of it. And Steve would forever sail in his waters. Steve don't know when he would meet him again in flesh and bones, maybe another life, maybe another eternity.

But in this one he was back. And it was all that Steve could ask.

When will we meet again, sweetheart

when will we meet again?

When the autumn leaves fall from the trees

And green rises up again?

Author's Note:

The song is The Unquiet Grave. Thank you for reading